The Bystander, June 19, 1918.—No. 759. Vol. LVIII.

The BYSTANDER

AN INOFFENSIVE COMMUNIQUÉ

"... The first wave met with a decided check, and we continued to hold the line"

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS

ON THE WORLD WAR — AND ON THOSE WHO WAGE IT WISELY AND OTHERWISELY

A Briefer Battle

LAST week's German offensive, though as fiercely delivered as any of this year's series, met with a smaller degree of success and was "held" sooner. The loss of *terrain* in all these attacks is negligible in itself because of the object at which both sides are aiming. This is not a boxing contest, decided on points: it is a fight to a finish. The enemy has, no doubt, got some hard punches left in him, but—he is losing his wind.

The Italian Front Wakes Up

AFTER a long lull the Italian front has become lively again. The Austrian attack was probably more or less forced by their hourly-growing home troubles as much as by the imperious and insistent German demands that Austria should not remain entirely idle. If she wouldn't help in the West, let her, at any rate, divert the Allies' attention to the Asiago front. But, that front being now pretty strongly held, and the Austrian attack probably only very slightly stiffened by German troops, its recoil may be awaited with confidence. The Austrian soldiers are not so much to be dreaded as their statesmen.

The Official Expert

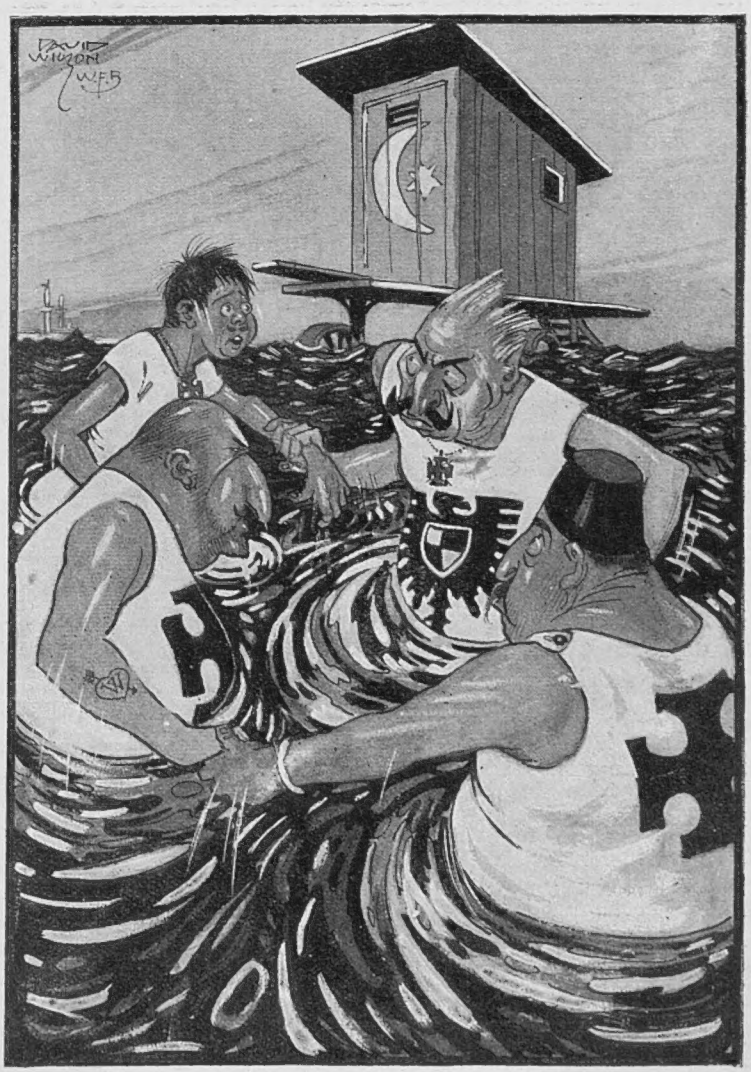
THE Ministerial defence of the taking over of the Cippenham farm-land was not well received in the House, or outside. Destruction of crops, in these serious times, demands a much better justification than it received; and one feels sorry for Ministers whose only defence is that the official experts have decided that so-and-so is the only possible course to take. Especially since the showing-up of the shocking Loch Doon scandal. I'm not sure that we have not been barking up the wrong tree all this time, and that it is not the Hidden Hand but the Hollow Head (of the official expert) that we ought most to dread. Too many of these self-opinionated experts appear to be, to use an expressive American colloquialism, "dead from the neck up."

Has the World Gone Mad?

I HAVE just been reading a German weekly, which announces that the Billing case is but one of a series of "amazing and outrageous processes" that prove that England is mad. In times of stress all sorts of funny people bob up and get for five minutes a sickly slice of limelight that must last them for a lifetime. But England is splendidly sane and utterly resolute. The very feature of the Billing case was that the people in it were mainly freaks and not types. For which many thanks! If I am not one of the 47,000 I shall be deeply pained—supposing, that is, that there is any Black Book at all. But I fear I am only a humble one of the fifty odd millions who are sane, and, like the rest of them, I do not grudge these people their flash-in-the-pan show if they are mad enough not to be ashamed of themselves.

A Note for the Prussians

AFTER nearly four years of war we are carrying on famously. Our economists used to write learned books to prove that we should be starved out in a few weeks. We are healthily fed and can even afford to put stones of fat on to our German prisoners. Indeed, I fancy that our subtle idea is to exchange them *so* fat that they will be worthless for active warfare! They on their part will return our poor men so weak and starved that they will stimulate all the able-bodied to passionate over-time work. We never do our best work until we are enraged.



IN THE SUNNY SOUTH

Very mixed bathing in the Black Sea

"WHEN PATSY COMES MARCHIN' HOME AGAIN!"
"Ain't Tommy going to 'ave none?"

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

The Chevrons Club

WHO has not heard praise of the British N.C.O.? "If it had not been for my good old sergeant I should not have been writing this!" This is from a letter that came to me only last week. Well, what have we done for those splendid men, who are "the backbone of the Service," and who have carried on for *and* with our gallant subalterns, who were so new to the arts of war? We have done only too little. But the Chevrons Club in St. George's Square, London, S.W., is seeking to square the account for us. The N.C.O.'s had no sort of club until the Chevrons came along, as by the rules of the Service they cannot mix with the private soldier. So these fine, deserving fellows, to whom we owe so much, were in the cold. Captain Bruce Bairnsfather is an active supporter of the Chevrons, and Bystanders who want to help him and his co-workers will send an envelope with something in it to the hon. treasurer. It is the aim to have branches in every Naval and Military centre.

Politics and Piffle

DOES anyone, I wonder, read the four or five columns which the newspapers still give of the political harangues which M.P.'s still make at St. Stephens? I read that the Labour Party are thinking of breaking the political truce. I had no idea that there was still one in being. Why not try a political lethal chamber for a change. Oh, those M.P.'s! A year ago the Indian Cotton Duties were to ruin Lancashire. To-day, dear old Lancashire is a county of pig and lobsters. To-morrow the Education Bill is to ruin everyone. Of course it is. The politicians say so. Oh, will it?

Roast Beef of Old England

THE Dominion statesmen now in England are here to work and not to enjoy themselves in a round of banquets and entertainments. As one of them said the other day, "It is men and not menus that will win the war." So they are not intending to accept many invitations. Perhaps the contrast with pre-war banquets would be too poignant. I had the luck to dine with the Fishmongers Company at their banquet to the Colonial Premiers at the Coronation. It is heartbreaking to recall that magnificent, if gargantuan, refection in these days of fish and eggs and "offal." I think the Dominion statesmen will do better to dine at their hotels, to avoid comparisons which would be intolerably odious.

Propter hoc (sed non post hoc)

THE Hun is an "amoosin' little cuss," as Artemus Ward used to say. Fully believing, himself, in the laudability of bombing hospitals, he has still a lingering doubt as to whether neutrals don't consider this form of warfare as, on the whole, rather blameworthy. But, he acutely argues, if they are such fools as all that they will be fools enough to believe that photographs can't lie. So he waits till one of his railway stations have been well bombed—he hasn't to wait long!—and then busily sets to work painting Red Crosses on the wrecked trains, and photographs the result for distribution to the neutrals to show that his own bombing of hospitals was in the nature of a justifiable (though, of course, regrettable) reprisal! Here the psychology of Hun "propaganda" is seen at its noblest.

Paris Undismayed

OR, LA VILLE SANS PEUR

Bombed, bombarded, harassed, threatened, the fearless city defies the bully and sets a limit to the advancing wave of pollution

Excitement at the Holiday Front

SUDDEN DISCOVERY OF A MAN'S FOOTPRINT

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE." *ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE.*

LONDON, *June* 17, 1918.

DEAR COUSIN—

MIDSUMMER, and the mad, mad world in arms. "Yes, and the wrong kind of arms, that's the deuce of it!" as one flying man, reckless, an amorist, and twenty-one, has just remarked. And as for me, I think I hate war even more in summer than in winter. Summer, like all lovely things, is so much lovelier shared. As Maurice Baring wrote—

Now the brown bees about the peach trees boom
Upon the walls;
And far away beyond the orchard's bloom
The cuckoo calls.

The season holds a festival of light,
For you, for me;
But shadows are abroad, there falls a blight
On each green tree.

And every leaf unfolding, every flower
Brings bitter meed;
Beauty of the morning and the evening hour
Quickens our need.

"Summer . . . is so much lovelier shared"

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AND really, of all our war summers, this seems almost the bitterest of all. We are very detached and somewhat self-centred, we island people; but this last push for Paris—the story of four summers ago all over again—we've watched and waited on, through the long turquoise summer days and the short sapphire summer nights with breathless anxiety. London, even, has cast aside a little her cloak of pleasure-whatever-happens. Stories of simple heroism are moving, even to the unimaginative, and it is one of the million epics of the war—Paris facing so smilingly and gallantly, through her gun-shelled days and Gotha'd nights, while in thousands the refugees pour into the city, her possible fall.

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THE war wouldn't end, of course, if she did—it wouldn't, they say, if the Hun took London. But *moral* is still a force that rather counts, and lor! but it would be a blow, wouldn't it? Of course, here in London, if the Germans swarmed in, it would not, at any rate, be anything new—I mean, there are such lots about even now that a few thousands more would only recreate the proper pre-war atmosphere. But Paris never seemed somehow quite so infested with the vermin, did it?

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HERE, of course, it's still a fair scream, and you almost *have* to laugh about it so's not to weep—tears of rage and fury. Take the Schroeder man and his orchids. The mere patriotic Britisher has been using his coal in teaspoonfuls these war winters, and some of the poorer ones couldn't even afford the teaspoonful. But our Baron (who wasn't even naturalised when war broke out) got—to warm self and orchids, for which it seems he has a positive passion—*over six hundred tons!* After which—well, let's only hope that if ever the Huns *do* get here it'll be the nation that welcomes them, and not our officials! Otherwise they'll be offering them board and lodging free at the Ritz or somewhere; and of *course* they won't come under the Coal Order.

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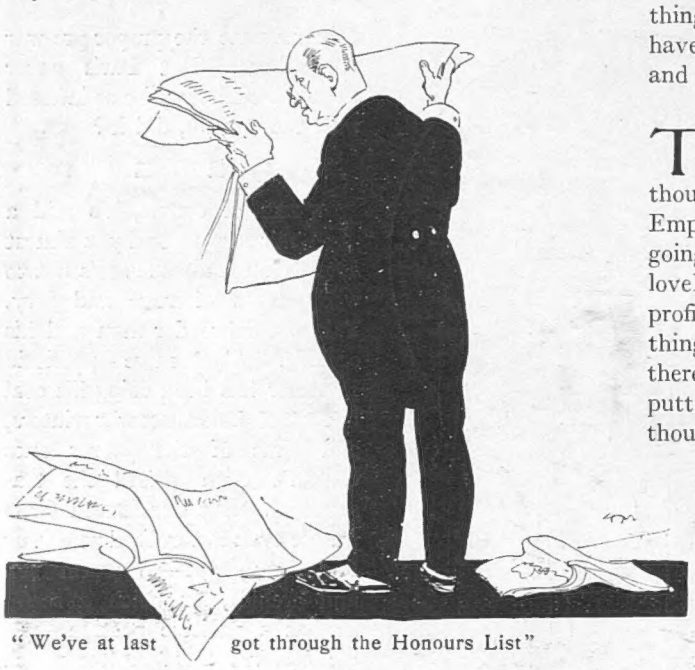
BUT, dear me, what an *ant* for industry the Hun is, isn't he? I'm told of a certain east coast county, noted for its pre-war aridness and low state of cultivation, that since the German prisoners took it in hand it's transformed from an untidy desert into a garden tilled and dug and planted and utilised and cultured to the *n*th degree. Their idea is, of course, that they're preparing it for themselves, so there'll be a good return on their money. But this enemy of ours has got a tiresome way of *showing* us things, hasn't he?

"They say that mutiny was threatened"

TALKIN' of the land, how they must wish they were won't-fight Irishmen, some of our poor soldier men who, discharged or demobilised, we leave to sink or swim. As to them, you see, the Government's just confessed that there just simply isn't anything for them in the way of a bit of the land



"We've at last got through the Honours List"

they've fought and risked everything for, and there's an end of it. *Much* better to be a son of the Erin that *hasn't* fought. *He's* just been offered by Lord French a nice fat slice of his country if he'll just come in at the death, and please fight a little for it. Fifty thousand of them are asked for—leaving 150,000 of the 200,000 fit men of military age still to keep old Ireland going. The price to be paid for their belated and begrudging help really seems a little *too* generous, don't you think? And almost in too sharp a contrast to those other payments—a grave, a wooden cross in Flanders, and oblivion.

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APROPOS, it's taken *weeks*, but we've at last got through it—this year's Birthday Honours List, which included, of course, the British Empire Orders. My word, but *what* a production! So immense that one felt that *not* to be in it was really to be out of the movement. Yet to be in it was to be one amongst so many that one almost wondered—would it not be more distinguished to tread the dusty path to death undecorated?

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BUT some of them, of course, have really earned B—well, something; though some, of course, have had, so to speak, a better handicap in the Honours race. I mean it's naturally more remarkable, isn't it, when a duchess tidies the hospital linen one afternoon a week than if a mere Mrs. Smith or Miss Jones or anything dull like that does it *every* day *and* night for *months?*

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HUMAN nature being what it is, a duchess jumps to the mind—even the coldly judicial mind of a compiler of lists—before the plebeian Mrs. S. or Miss J. aforesaid. Also a duchess has considerably more opportunity of doing the thing—you know—photographically, and all that. No one, except her dearest friends, wants to see Mrs. S. or Miss J. in the picture papers as "Busily Engaged in War-Work," even in the swishest of quasi-nursing get-ups. The whole *world* wants to see a (war-) working duchess. She *looks* nicer for one thing—years and years and years under a good maid have an extraordinary good result on even *bad* hair and figures and complexions and things.

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THERE is on show this week at the Grafton Galleries that pearl necklace—or rather the two thousand odd pearls sent by the women of the Empire to the Red Cross. There's a rumour that it's going to be *raffled;* and if this is so, what a perfectly lovely gamble. Of course, no one, not even the most profited of profiteers' wives will be able to wear the thing *in toto, en masse,* in the lump, or *en bloc.* But if there *is* any sensation in the world to beat the joy of putting, say, a fiver on a thing, and coming out at fifty thousand or thereabouts—well, I have yet to meet it.

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ANOTHER nortul rumour is that the Government's going to commandeer all the strawberries as ever was this very week as ever is—no, not for tea on the terrace, but for the troops:—

You may get more or you may get less
But apple and plum's your best I guess,
For strawberry jam's for the sergeant's mess
In these hard times.

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THEY say mutiny was threatened, or, anyway, a lot of nasty temper if, through another war-winter, the British Army even *saw* a "mixed fruit" comestible. As far as I'm concerned, they're welcome. Strawberries without cream are like asparagus without butter, or kisses with an audience—you miss the flavour.

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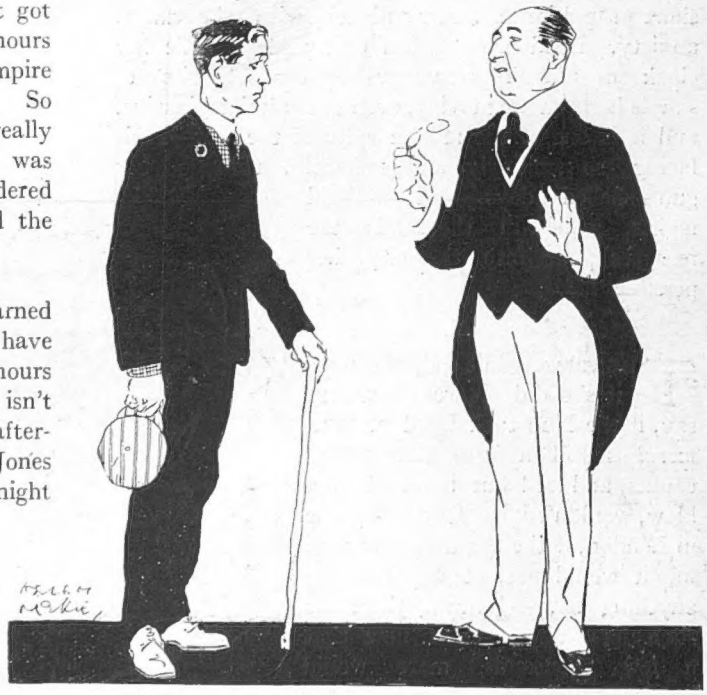
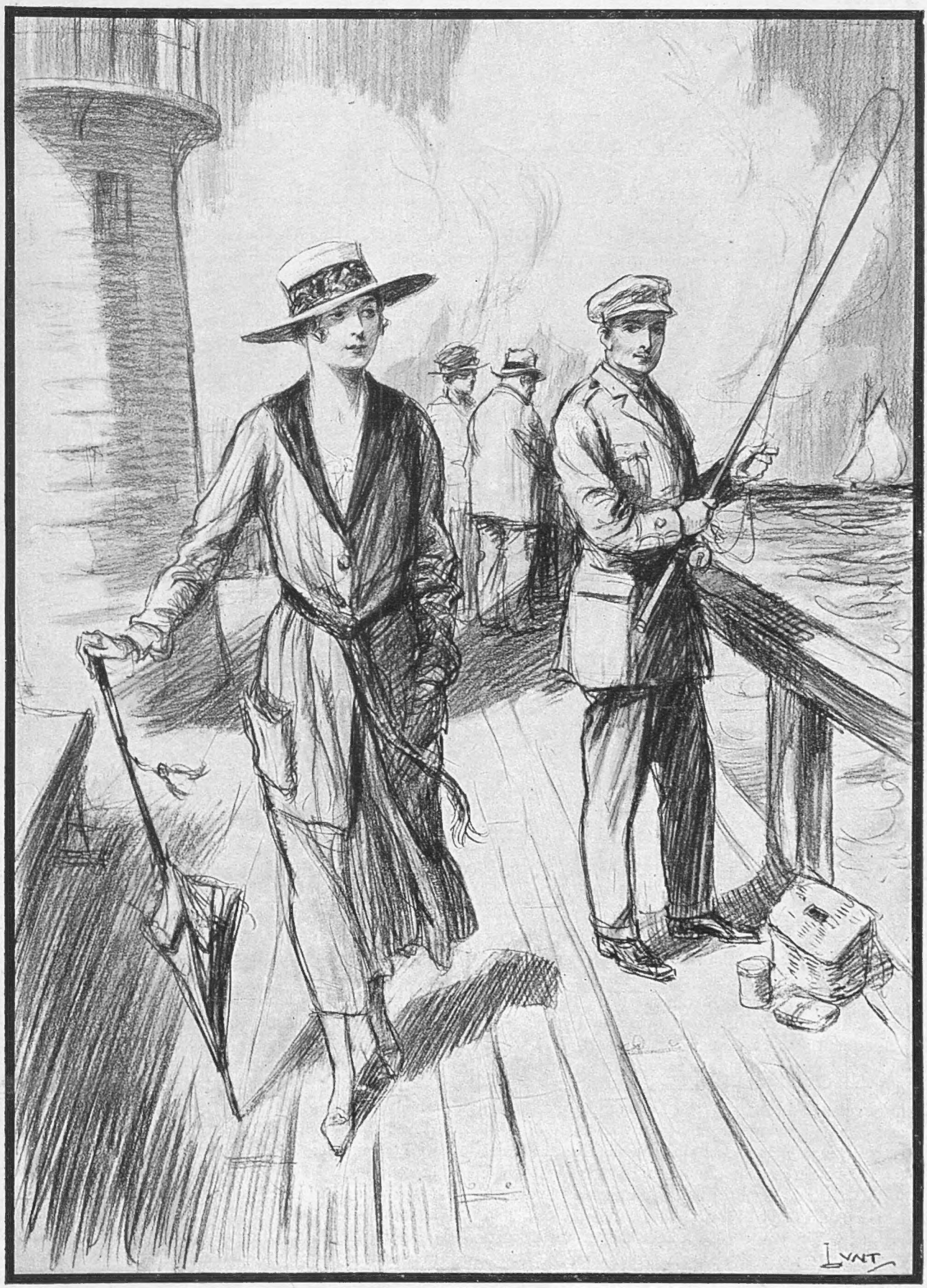
AND now I must crash along, so's to try and not waste a single minute of these summer days that even war can't rob of all their glory and glamour.

With love, yours ever, BLANCHE



"Nothing in the way of a bit of land for them"



"THE COMPLEAT ANGLER"

TWO WAR CAMEOS

By G. W. N.

I.—In Rest

The O.C. D company and three of his platoon commanders were enjoying a quiet game of auction after an epicurean dinner. Cigarettes and pipes were in full blast; four glasses brimmed with sizzling and refreshing liquid.

"These Armstrong huts," said the O.C. looking round contentedly, "are O.K."

"Anything is O.K.," grunted the second in command, "after the line. Six days' rest. What-ho! Your call, skipper."

"One heart."

"A royal."

"One no trump," observed the junior sub. "Where did you get that foie gras from, Tubby?"

"Pass. What's that? Oh, from Masnum's."

"They ought to get the don esses o. You go down, skipper."

As the game came to an end an orderly entered, saluted, handed the O.C. a paper, saluted again, and vanished.

"Orders," said the O.C. "The adjutant said we were to have a quiet time this rest. Let's see." His face lengthened as he read.

"Tell us the worst," said Tubby anxiously. The O.C. groaned.

"Shortly it comes to this. There's a battalion route march to-morrow at nine a.m. Haversack rations. That means all day. Officers commanding companies will render daily an eight-hour programme of work." (There were anguished groans.) "There will be lectures every evening this week. All officers will attend." (Groans sforzando.) "To-morrow, at 7 p.m., Major R. E. Dumpshell will lecture on Responsibilities of Infantry and R.E. in Carrying Out Consolidation.'"

The second in command clapped a distracted hand to his forehead, and in his agony of mind picked up the O.C.'s glass and drained it off.

Another orderly entered. This time Tubby was the recipient of a chit. He eyed it suspiciously. "The adjutant's playing 'I sent a letter to my love,'" he said as he took it. "More dirty work."

He read the note and collapsed. "You will proceed with eighty men to the Dump at Au Bois and report to the R.E. officer in charge at ten to-night. You will be at his disposal and return when no longer required."

There were sympathetic murmurs.

"Return when no longer required," groaned Tubby. "They will never let me return. Farewell, I shall never see ye more. Kiss the Colonel for me. I'll get my funeral party together and depart to the deepest, darkest sap beneath the old front line. As he faded into the darkness outside his last bitter words drifted back: "And they call it rest. What a travesty!"

. . . . . .

But still the good work goes cheerily forward.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

II.—The Wind-Vane

Goggles is not his right name, but he had been Goggles at school, and when he walked calmly into my billet in a little obscure shell of a village in Picardy and informed me that he was in my company, when I had recovered from my surprise I greeted him as Goggles, and Goggles he became again. We had been at school together. He wore glasses and didn't play games, and was good at work. I was bad at work, but an athlete. I blush to think how often Goggles did my Trig. and helped me to solve knotty points in calculus and conics. He was as sensitive as a girl, and couldn't stand blood at any price. During a rather sanguinary round in the lightweight final for the house cup he fainted and had to be carried forth. On another occasion, while making hydrogen in the lab. the jar blew up, his hand was cut, and he promptly collapsed. Remembering these incidents made me feel rather worried about Goggles.

The next day, however, we were in the line, and no sooner was the relief complete than the Boche commenced to shell us vigorously with heavy stuff and our parapet began to fly skywards.

After two years of warfare, I think I can honestly say, without boasting, that I have become fairly inured to the various kinds of frightfulness. Yet I always experience the same physical sensations.

Being shelled makes me feel empty; but not hungry, and as if certain organs vital to the digestion were composed chiefly of water—not cold, but warm water. I thought of my first time in the line, then of Goggles, and went to seek him. Round a bend in the trench I came on him, leaning back, and whittling a piece of wood with a penknife. Shells were coming forty to the minute. I felt surprised.

"I read an order as to wind vanes," he said gravely, "and I'm making you one. It will be quite accurate."

And this was his first time in the line!

"I should like to take your wind observations," he continued, "You can rely——" There came a shrill whine, a dull thud. The words died on his lips and he murmured "ah!" The vane dropped to the ground. His hand hung, a raw, bleeding shapeless mass, by a thread from the wrist. I put my arm round him and sat him on the fire-step. He looked at me with troubled eyes.

"I'm awfully sorry," he said apologetically, "I'm afraid I shan't be able to finish it till to-morrow."

. . . . . .

Till to-morrow! Poor old Goggles. But he didn't faint.

Old Bill Bathes

PASSED BY CENSOR

(— He has managed to snatch a few minutes at Casse-les-Bains after all)

"'Ere! you! allez vous ong! The blinkin sea's quite rough enough without ycu muckin' it about"

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

A LASS AND A LACK!

EDDIES of WAR

FROM THE SEA. BY DELL LEIGH

THE peace of the little Cornish town and the complete absence of war environment had enveloped the jaded body and mind of Trevor for three days. Knocked to pieces by the frenzied rush of war administration, he had arrived a pale and tangled mass of nerves and irritability. But after three days of early summer weather, the light tropical weather that only Cornwall knows, he began to find a calm perspective once more. The town had not yet received its quota of summer visitors, though there was ample evidence of their expected arrival in the activities of landladies, seen through their front windows, and the advent of packing cases from the wholesale houses at the doors of shops. Trevor's hotel was obviously waking up, with heavy yawns, from its long winter sleep; new maid-servants arrived, almost hourly, to be chivvied from corridor to bedroom by the fussing manageress, carrying keys of office. He had strolled through the well-loved little town, passed the miniature harbour, and up on to the green velvet of the unchangeable, ever-welcoming Downs. Soft, caressing gusts of wind, brine-laden, beat upon his face; and, far below, the restless, mysterious Atlantic threw little teasing waves (the colour of *crème de menthe*, he thought) against brooding umber rocks, picked out with streaks of yellow-ochre. Gulls screamed petulantly hither and thither, little patches of white against the dragon-fly blue of the sky; and behind him, from the freshly-turned furrows, rose a lark with its ecstatic song of morning. One had to close one's eyes and ears down here, and concentrate, to visualise even the memory of a war that was shaking Europe to the spine. This country and this people were, seemingly, untouched by the shadow that had fallen upon all civilisation.

It is true that she had sent her sons away. The little harbour which plied a dilettante trade in fish, netted cautiously between oft recurring gusts of rage from the treacherous ocean, had slipped back into the unenterprising hands of ponderous old men, who emerged seldom, and ever with a watery eye on the possibility of a falling glass. The county regiment had taken its toll of youth from shop and plough; and there was doubtless covert night weeping from behind shuttered windows here, as elsewhere. But the war, to them, was an abstract matter. As a whole it had not touched their hearts—or their pockets.

This mentality was most pronounced to Trevor in the little house on the crest of the Downs, a hundred yards from where he sat. He strolled towards it again to renew his acquaintance with its owner. There was a smug self-complacency about the one-floor cottage which fanned the dying embers of irritation, bred of fatigue, in Trevor's mind. The old man lived there by himself, and his housekeeper came daily from the town to tend his wants. Trevor gathered from gossip and the chance remarks dropped by the occupant himself that he was a one-time tradesman who had

(Continued on page 502)

The River Girl—War Style

The house-boat season has begun, and people in houseboats still want letters, and get them. But the postman has gone to some more advanced post, and letters are now delivered by an eighteen-year-old post-girl, Miss Doris Beaumont, of Staines, whose "beat" is probably the pleasantest in the country. Here she is, "carrying on"

"EDDIES OF WAR" (concluded)

retired with a little—but enough. His whole selfish existence was bounded by the scrupulous neatness of his house and garden, and by periodical musings with a vacant eye on the far horizon. He had deliberately shut himself away from the unpleasantness of life. He was in the front garden, path-lined with whitewashed stones, as Trevor approached, and he raised a paint-brush in silent greeting.

"Morning! Busy?"

"Aye, busy enough; this has wanted a coat for a long time."

He was engaged upon painting a boat. It had been sawn in half amidships, so that it rested by the weight of its sides upon the ground. It was the bow half; and, turned upwards, one of the forward seats made an ideal summer-house bench, the converging lines of the bows completing the shelter from rain and sun.

The old man worked on methodically, replying to Trevor's morning war news, which was bad, in monosyllabic "ayes," and "is that so?" much in the tone of one replying to the news of the hatching out of a neighbour's pheasants. The sun was in Trevor's face, and he moved round the white fence to the side. He glanced approvingly at the lines of the derelict boat's bows, and a partly obliterated ship's name caught his eye—"LUSITA——".

It was one of the Lusitania whalers!

He questioned the old man sharply.

Yes; it had been cast up the same winter in the cove below; he had the salvage rights over that strip of beach; her stern got stove in as she came up on the flow; no, there was nothing aboard, only an oar or two and a soaked piece of cloth, might 'a been a woman's skirt.

Trevor said many things to that old man as he leaned on his fence in the June sunlight. The paint-brush ceased its wanderings up and down the boat's side.

"And you actually use it to smoke your pipe in after tea," he concluded, his voice shaking with anger. "Don't you realise, man, that Englishwomen have died from that boat? And you are setting up, as a summer-house, a monument to one of the greatest crimes in history—a crime that will take a nation a century to expiate!" Trevor turned away from the cottage in disgust.

The thought of it all kept him awake that night, and he returned to the attack late the next morning.

The sawn insignia of a crime had gone. Nor was the old man visible. But there were splinters of wood upon the grass, and the sound of an axe somewhere in the background.

The Doctor's Song

We had a smoking concert—just a company affair—
In our verdant forest billet at Velu;
The beer was tapped, the fragrance of the Woodbine filled the air,
And we looked for something *beaucoup bon* and new.

For the triumph of the evening was to be the doctor's song—
Something spicy, words and music all his own;
And our doctor is a poet with a fruity style and strong,
Part Rabelais and part Anacreon.

The silence was expectant, not a fellow moved his feet;
The very leaves were listening overhead;
When the chaplain entered smiling, and coyly took a seat—
And the doctor sang "The Rosary" instead.

E. C. C.

PASSED BY CENSOR

NO FLOWERS: BY REQUEST

EXASPERATED "CONTEMPTIBLE": "This ain't a blinkin' funeral, mum!"

The Pride of Promotion

THE SERGEANT BATHES

PASSED BY CENSOR

ONE-STRIPE: "PARTY! EYES LEFT!!"

A DAY IN JUNE

BY THE OLD GUARD

It is summer with us once again, and yet, though the trees be green and the flowers fair, the mad course of Armageddon stays not; so that the alluring day in June, with its native coat of many colours, is for these times like a gaudily-tinted reptile bearing a deadly poison in its tail. Yet, since what we cannot cure we must endure, it were idle in us to lament the inevitable. Be it for ourself rather to call aloud to the tired souls among us, and bid them lift up their hearts in the morning glory of the summer sun; ours, too, to signal to our gallant fellows in the battle-line that Blighty is Blighty still, and that but a few short leagues away from where they walk drearily among the broken ruins and the dead earth in the Valley of the Shadow itself, the lanes of England are yet again grown green, and the hills and dales of the dear homeland are sweet with the perfume of the hawthorn and the fragrance of the new-mown hay.

PASSED BY CENSOR

HEARD ON THE EAST COAST

HE OF THE MACE: "Forsooth, but what mighty stalwart men these 'Tommies must be!"

One there was who longed to be in England when April came; but we ourself are for leafy June, when we may walk the countryside without the tiresome need of a chest-protector and goloshes; June, that brings to us a happy respite from the delicate but imperative job of borrowing our neighbour's umbrella; June, when, in the gardens and pleasure-grounds of our land, the roses of summer blow so red, and, like splendid wantons, yield themselves to the caprice of every passing breeze. It is in June that Arcady calls to us amid the miasmic dust of the Street of Adventure, urging us irresistibly out upon a furious quest of small personal loans, so that we too may have the wherewithal to steal away for a while to a place in the sun.

London is no home for us in June. By a dismal law of nature, summer is the season at which poor, erring man is at his thirstiest, and equally the season at which all his opulent friends are out of town, and therefore out of reach. Happily for us that love the countryside when it is no longer damp and sloppy, there is a call for ourself in the hayfield and the farmyard, where the strenuous but wholesome toil of the day is leavened with laughter and old ale; and where, when evening comes, we may wander idly by the winding stream and listen to the fanciful tale of the hopeful angler respecting the huge dimensions of the fish that got away. Or, haply, we may be moved to sport with Amaryllis in the shade, while she asks us, with a trustful glance that is a thing of beauty in itself, if it be indeed true that we have never really loved before. Alas! in these days of sophisticated general commodities the truth is but one among many.

It was said of White of Selborne, that he was more concerned with the course of events in a martin's nest than with the crash of empires. It is not given to us in these nightmare days to take our anodyne in Arcady to such an extent; for if we can do naught else, we may at least play the part of the watchman in the night. Besides, for ourself, the birds of the air have no message; and even valiant chanticleer, with his morning call to the sun, speaks to us only of the well-nigh forgotten carnal joy of a leg and a wing and a piece of the breast, for to-day the talk in Arcady is in the gross terms of food alone. The sprawling uplands that once lay bare and wild, are to-day covered with the immature wheat that rolls in the breeze like a great green sea; and the talk of the landed folk is less of tax and tithe and more of the yield of potatoes to the acre, and the best methods of transplanting the self-assertive onion. My Lady of Arcady no longer rises with the lark to bathe her face in the morning dew, and to gather a sheaf of roses to scatter in her dainty boudoir. She puts on the sturdy breeches of a blameless life and becomes at once a vestal at the shrine of Ceres, dreaming in a practical way of a cornucopia of carrots and cabbages. Thus we live in Blighty in the sunny days of June; and though we may not see for ourself the shadow beyond, it is ever palpable to our senses like a darkness that can be felt. Withal we hold our head high and our tail up, rightly proud of our share in the good work of carrying on.

"Carrying On"

No. 3.—THE RAILWAY GIRL

Recogn

"WHAT THE 'ELL ARE T

They have recognised him, and he has recognised that they have recognised hi

This picture is unique. Five well-known "Bystander" artists have all "done their bit" towards it. Each figure is side by side with typical Service men by Helen McKie and Arthur Watts, while the dominating figure of C

ised !

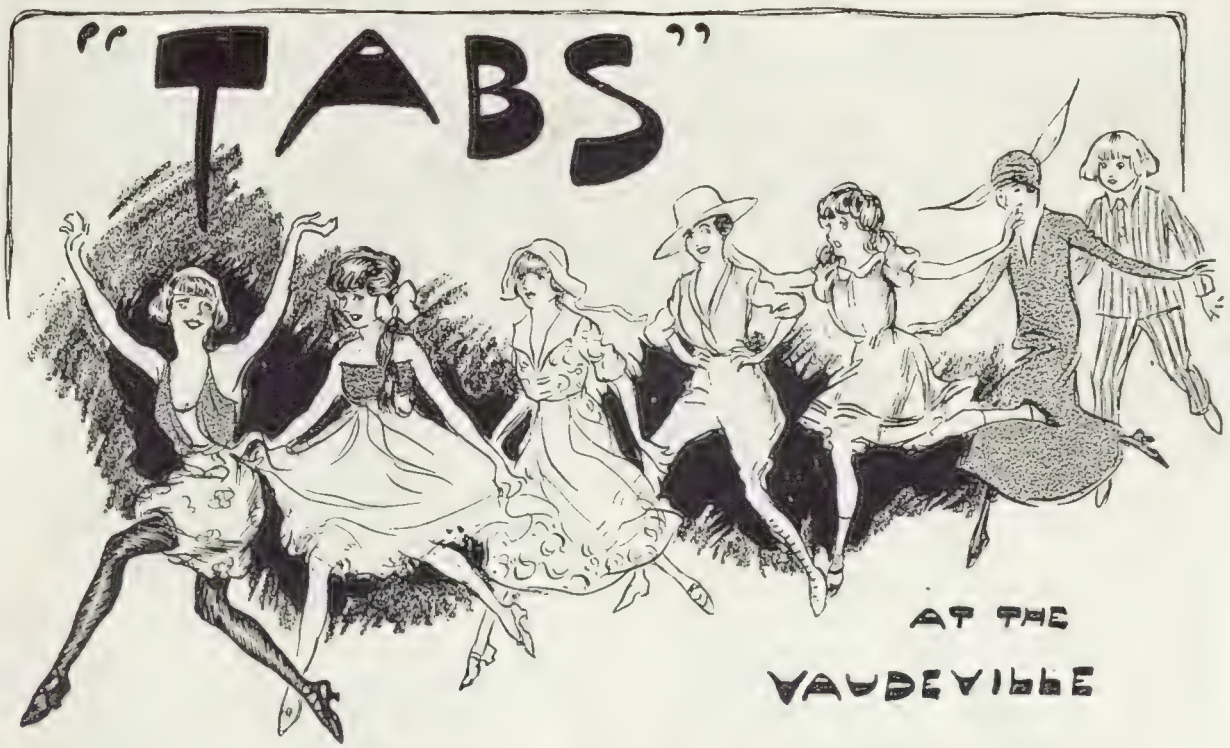
HEY LAUGHING AT?"

, and they have recognised that he has recognised that they have rec

characteristic of the particular artist's work in "The Bystander." Wilmot Lunt's and Lewis Baumer's girls sit d Bill, by Bruce Bairnsfather, has apparently walked into the picture at the exact psychological moment]

Grafton's
Chiffonelle
For dainty Lingerie,
Blouses, Day Wraps
and Dresses.

"TABS"



BY "JINGLE." *Illustrated by LEWIS BAUMER.*

ONE of the best things in this *revue* is the simple story of a rose. A conventional husband, starting for the City, kisses good-bye to his conventional wife in the conventional way, while the lady pins in his button-hole a conventional rose. This is, as you might say, the end of the first act. The second act opens at the City man's office. Here he learns that the new typist has arrived, and he gives directions that she shall appear before him. When she does appear, the case is, as it were, altered. The City man looks as if he hadn't seen anything quite so choice for a long time; and somehow mere business doesn't matter so long as he can talk taffy to the new typist. Finally, as a token of his esteem and regard, he presents her with the rose from his buttonhole; and this ends the second act.

❋

THE third act shows the new typist and her young man. After the usual manifestations of affection, which are neither here nor there, and probably don't mean anything anyway, the typist gives the young man the rose presented to her by her employer, and hopes he will nurse it as a keepsake. End of the third act. In the fourth act we see the young man in the case representing what I believe is known as a tame cat to the wife of the conventional husband and City man, and, naturally enough, the first thing he wants her to do is to accept the round-about rose. In the fifth act, hubby comes home and recognises the rose and wonders how on earth it got as far as his wife's corsage. But he will never know. As the poet has said, there are things in heaven and earth that it wouldn't do any of us any good to know; and this is probably one of them.

❋

ANOTHER of the best things in the *revue* is Miss Beatrice Lillie, who is sometimes a very free and independent maidservant, sometimes an Eton boy in the throes of calf-love, and sometimes a soldier lad. It is in this last capacity that she sings the song of the evening, an extremely able interpretation of the sentimental spirit of the times. It is just the song of a soldier boy, who said good-bye to the old folks without worrying much about it; but who nearly broke his heart when he had to say good-bye to his "girl." Of course, this kind of sentiment is always a little artificial; but the girls like to believe it is true, and in these times they will swallow pretty well anything. Miss Lillie, however, renders the song in a simple, straightforward style without any trimmings, just as if its message were a self-evident truth; and it goes, as it deserves, to loud and prolonged applause.

❋

A VERY good idea is that which is based on the new early-closing order for theatres, which is mercilessly burlesqued. In order

to give so many shows a night, each "house" is limited to a few minutes, and the problem is how to get through an ordinary full-sized programme in, say, a quarter of an hour. There are ten turns to be produced, and the proceedings go with a wild rush accordingly. The comic singer has barely had a chance to start his song when the limelight is switched off and the juggler hurries on. He, too, just has time to start a ball-throwing feat when he is called off the stage to make room for the "serio." And so the game goes on merrily. What we are permitted to see of each turn, proves that the management has rehearsed the scenes with great care. In each case, the truncated burlesque is quite excellent; and it may be that if each of the able performers were given another minute or so, there would be a corresponding addition to the fun of the evening without any risk of breaking the new closing rules. It is certainly a very laughable burlesque, and its extreme brevity is its only defect.

❋

THEN we have a tea-party, showing the revolutionary tendency of the times. The two guests of importance are the local butcher and his friend the greengrocer. In these days of sparse feeding, a butcher, it appears, is in great demand socially. Everybody wants to know him and to take him by the hand and introduce him to the family. The hostess is getting along quite well with her influential visitors when who should be announced but Lady Marsh-Mallow, who, sadly ignorant of the identity of the other two guests, permits herself to enlarge upon the impudent arrogance of the tradespeople to-day. When her ladyship hears of the grave error she has committed she nearly faints; but the tradesmen have received a mortal wound to their pride, and they turn their backs on the house in spite of the tearful entreaties of their hostess that they will remain and let bygones be such. The sketch is very brightly played and, it is, in its way, a tract for the times that is not without its value.

❋

"A MATTER of time" is really a matter of eternity, because it deals with the native inability of ladies to keep their appointments, and I for one do not expect to see this charming defect remedied on this side of Jordan. We have an eligible young man to whom punctuality is quite a fetish. He has made appointments with girls, and they have been late, and all has been over between him and them in consequence. But to-day he has made an appointment to meet Ethel; and something within his fluttering heart tells him that she will turn up to time; and in that event he is resolved to propose to her. On the stroke of one o'clock Ethel appears and the young man delightedly proposes, and is, of course, accepted. Catch any girl refusing an eligible offer these days! About that time it transpires that Ethel really was due to meet another young man at half-past twelve, but she was half-an-hour late, and has thus been credited with a passion for punctuality, which she does not possess. The chief comedians are Mr. Hal Bert and Mr. Guy Le Feuvre; while Miss Ethel Baird and Miss Violet Grey add considerably to the attractions and interest of the feminine side of the company. JINGLE

A SHORE APPOINTMENT

The Merry Month of May—Tra-La!

By J. FREDERICK TILSLEY

"You are, I perceive, smoking issue cigarettes," murmured Second-Lieutenant Percy Byron Potter, who was also Harold Montefiore of the *Sunday Shrapnel*. "When a man who prides himself on being a connoisseur deserts Abdullah, and De Reszke, and Teofani, and takes to ready-made Army gaspers without a single cry for help, it means only one thing. He became engaged when he was home on leave. Accept my commiserations."

His friend Shawcross, fresh from two weeks in England, blushed and shuffled his new field boots.

"Cynical blighter," he answered in a querulous voice. "Why don't you go and write a love story instead of those dud strategy articles? Who wants to read columns of strategy in May? Love is the only thing that matters—the only thing that counts in spring; and what do you know about strategy, anyhow?"

Percy grinned.

"What do you know about women? Nothing, absolutely nothing, my boy; but that didn't prevent you from becoming engaged to one, did it?"

"Spring is the time for *love*," said Shawcross.

"And offensives," pointed out Percy grimly. "There's quite a large one in progress near here, but perhaps you haven't noticed it yet. People in your condition——"

"Getting engaged," interrupted Shawcross, a far-away look in his eyes, "is the biggest thing I ever did. What Lily can see in me I can't think——"

"I expect it was that Military Cross," murmured Percy. "That and the photograph in the *Sunday Shrapnel*. You have me to thank for the latter."

"But I managed to persuade her, and I am the happiest man in the world. She's the dearest, the sweetest, and the most——"

"Jusso," interrupted Percy pityingly. But don't show me her photograph again just yet. It's beginning to show signs of wear and tear."

He rose and pushed the tent flap aside.

"I don't believe you can write a love story," Shawcross called after him, viciously.

Percy turned suddenly. "Can't I?" he said indignantly. "I'll show you. After the rotten reception of my first novel 'A Barrage of Kisses,' I decided to write no more popular fiction. But——"

"But your article on strategy," Shawcross put in wickedly.

"But seeing that we are out for a rest, and that spring is upon us, I will write a short love story. I will write it under your very nose in your own tent, so that you won't be able to say I got my batman to do the job for me."

"Come round this afternoon and I will have a fat writing pad and a strong fountain pen ready for you. Also a dictionary," said Shawcross, enthusiastically.

"Spring is in the air," muttered Percy, sniffing appreciatively, as he left the tent. "The guns in the vicinity of Messines Ridge are speaking with a sort of boisterous good nature. Spring pervades everything, even the cook-house. Almost wish I was engaged myself."

"The main thing about a short story is the beginning," declared Percy, when they were seated at Shawcross's little folding table that afternoon. "The middle, of course, is important, so is the conclusion, but the beginning is everything. I have here a useful little notebook in which I have jotted down from time to time suitable names for heroes, heroines, villains, chauffeurs, gardeners, butchers, grooms, policemen, N.C.O.'s, profiteers, spies, etc. Let us, then, begin by choosing a name for our hero. We will start at letter A." He opened the book and ran his finger down the first page. "Austin—no good; know a man named Austin who wouldn't hesitate a second to have me up for libel, if I used his name in a story. Adams—not topical enough. Anstruther—got it! You can't beat Anstruther. Our hero shall be Anstruther—Arnold A. Anstruther. Very well, then." He seized his pen and shook it violently in the direction of Shawcross in order to find out whether the ink was flowing freely or not; it was.

"Arnold A. Anstruther," wrote Percy, "was an officer——" "And a gentleman," put in Shawcross.

Percy considered this in thoughtful silence for a few moments, and then nodded.

"As we have no reason, at this early stage of the story, to believe otherwise, Arnold shall have the benefit of the doubt. He made the necessary addition, and continued to write: "On a beautiful afternoon in early May our hero left the convalescent hospital, where he was recovering from the effects of a slight shrapnel wound in the knee, and, with the aid of a stout stick, limped down to the sea front. The promenade was almost deserted, and suddenly a feeling of intense loneliness crept over Arnold. This was an unusual sensation, for his short military career had been brilliant in the extreme, and now at the age of twenty-two he had attained the rank of a staff-captain."

"Another brass hat," grumbled Shawcross. "Aren't there enough without you creating fresh ones?"

"I have promoted Arnold to the rank of staff captain simply owing to the fact that a touch of red is very becoming to that type of beauty which is peculiar to the heroes of short stories," explained Percy.

"In puzzled silence, Captain Anstruther made his way——"

"Isn't the 'puzzled silence' rather unnecessary?" asked Shawcross mildly. Considering the captain is alone, and wounded into the bargain, one hardly expects him to make his way singin' an' dancin', even if the promenade *is* almost deserted?"

"Who's writin' this story?" asked Percy crossly.

"You are," answered Shawcross.

"I am anxious to make plain Arnold's state of mind," explained Percy. "That he is beginning to realise that his life is an empty, hollow thing, with dents in the sides, just because there's no woman in it. In spring the young man's fancy lightly turns, etc., They call it psychology or something."

"Our hero leaned against the railing and gazed out across the lonely, solemn sea with troubled eyes. All at once there came stealing through the silence of the sunlit afternoon the strains of the latest

(All rights strictly reserved)
(Continued on page 514)

In These Days of Rations

HOW BIDDLECOMBE SPENT HIS WEEK'S HOLIDAY

"THE MERRY MONTH OF MAY—TRA-LA!" (*concluded*)

popular melody, played by the Saffron Italian Band on the pier——"

"Used to be the Blue Hungarian Band, but changed its uniform somewhere about August, 1914," muttered Shawcross. "Go on."

"Arnold felt strangely moved by the music. The song, he remembered, was called 'Sympathy,' and quite suddenly he understood the cause of his disquiet. He needed sympathy. Ambition, courage and ability he had in plenty, but not sympathy. He stood upright and gripped the rail with both hands——"

"Be careful he doesn't lose the stout stick Matron lent him," warned Shawcross.

"That," said Percy triumphantly, "is where Miss Sympathy comes in." He wrote rapidly for a few moments. "I have christened her Sybil; she is a flapper of seventeen. I am leaving an empty space which I am going to fill later on with a description of her eyes, nose, mouth etc. I shall sneak the description from one of the popular magazines—any one will do. She rescues Arnold's stick for him and places a hand on his arm to prevent him fallin'."

"She's far too young to be messing about promenades by herself," said Shawcross virtuously.

"I know that," admitted Percy; "but you know what these flappers are. Arnold is far too young to be a staff captain for that matter, but flappers and staff captains are the fictional goods just at present, and my reasons for being in literature are strictly business ones. I'm not out to educate the public taste."

"Mercenary pig! I do believe you'd sell your best friend for tuppence."

"I'd sell you for less," said Percy cheerfully. "I'd swop you for a tin of Machonochie any day. I've got to where Arnold discovers that he has been holding her hand all this time."

"All which time?" asked Shawcross, curiously.

"Idiot! All the time I've been jawing to you, of course." Percy began to write again. He rescued the captain from the embarrassing business of the long hand clasp, and gave the reader to understand that it was a case of love at first sight, and then he filled the mind of his hero with grave doubts. What did this beautiful girl mean by wasting an afternoon on the sea front? Why wasn't she nursing or making munitions, or doing something of that sort? Had Captain Anstruther fallen in love with a shirker?

"That'll make 'em sit up," murmured Percy, in a satisfied voice. "I'll show 'em whether I can write a love story or not."

"'Shirker or not,' he thought, 'I love her, Heaven help me, I love her.' He could endure this dreadful suspense no longer" (Percy wrote with gusto).

"'Tell me,' he said hoarsely, 'what are you doing for your country during this grave crisis?'

"Her grey eyes met his blue ones fearlessly.

"'I have given an elder sister to the W.A.A.C.,' she answered proudly.

"'Forgive me,' he cried——"

"Me too," grunted Shawcross. "This is too thrillin' for me. I've got a weak heart." Rising hurriedly from his camp stool he rushed from the tent.

Percy gazed after him in speechless indignation: then a cynical grin spread itself over his features.

"I'll get my own back for that," he muttered. "I started this to suit him, I'll finish it to suit myself." He gripped the pen firmly and wrote with great speed: That evening the Captain took the flapper to a theatre, and she gave him a little fancy gold pin for a keepsake just as the orchestra began to play 'Sympathy.'

. . . . . .

Chapter two found Captain Anstruther back in France, by the time paragraph three was reached, that pushing young hero was in the trenches waiting to "go over the top" with an attacking division.

("This wants a bit of swallowing," muttered Percy. "But the blighter's got to get a V.C. somehow.") "Just as the order to fix bayonets came, Captain Anstruther drew a deep breath and a little fancy gold pin from his pocket and pressed the pin to his lips. Suddenly there came to his ears the tune which always filled him with a nameless courage and determination—'Sympathy.'" ("I'll have to explain this by putting a gramophone in a near-by dug-out"). "'Charge!' came the order. With shining eyes Captain Anstruther climbed the parapet. 'For England, Sybil, and Sympathy,' he cried, and sprang forward. At somewhere about the same time Sybil was handing a little fancy gold pin to a handsome Naval officer. They were in a box at Empiredrome and the orchestra was playing 'Sympathy.'

. . . . . .

"Three weeks later, Captain Anstruther, red and perspiring, was trying to lace his field boots and comb his hair at the same time. He was about to leave for England, in order to receive the Victoria Cross. Suddenly there was a sharp ripping sound and two little thuds as something struck the side of the tent.

"'Are they both gone?' asked Arnold in a perturbed voice.

"His batman, who had been hurriedly packing a kit bag, examined the back of our hero's riding breeches.

"'Both, sir,' he answered with a catch in his voice.

"'Well, I've no time to change them now, the bally train leaves in fifteen minutes. Here.' Fumbling in his pocket, he produced a little fancy gold pin. 'Fasten 'em with this. What's that bally tune you keep whistling?' he added irritably.

"'It's called "Sympathy," sir.'

. . . . . .

"The very first person Captain Anstruther met when he left the train at Victoria was Sybil. Stranger meetings than this happen in short stories.

"'Arnold,'" said the beautiful girl in broken tones. 'I have news which I fear will burst you. I have become engaged to Mr. Bernard Ironman, the munition maker. I must ask you to try and forgive me, and please return the little keepsake I gave you!'

"Our hero went white to the lips.

"'It is impossible,' he whispered hoarsely. 'I cannot—I cannot, at least, not just at present. I will post it on to you.'

"'I understand,' she whispered compassionately, her beautiful grey eyes filling with tears. 'Keep it, keep it always, but try and forget me. Good-bye, Arnold, good-bye.'

"It was a glorious May afternoon. Spring was in the air.

"'Good-bye,' he answered. His eyes were not suspiciously moist and there was no lump in his throat."

The Horrors of Home

PASSED BY CENSOR

Captain Jones, being on leave, runs down to his old home at Long-Puddle Minor for a few days' peace and quiet deep in the countryside

"His domestique was fainted in an armchair"

The Bystander in Paris

"NÉNETTE ET RINTINTIN"

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN

MES AMIS—

ONE cannot very much amuse oneself in these times, when one so nervously waits; and to think the gay thoughts is difficult. There is too much emotion. So early in the morning the Bertha wakens us with her bang and makes the heart jump into the mouth; and in the evening there come the sirens and the barrage and the goddesses.

❋

LIFE has become of great anxiety. It is, as Lucile says, that one would not much have any fear of the Bertha if she exploded herself quietly. But this time she has sent us even more noisier shells than before, and it gives a bad indigestion when there is outside a great bang to bring down a house as one eats the *déjeuner*.

❋

BUT of the chances to be hit one mocks, as they do at the front, for it is not often that the so *kolossal kanon* has the luck except to make a hole in the ground or to knock the head off the poor St. Mathieu. When it arrives at once every one runs to get a souvenir and it was with difficulty when once we were arrived to see a hole. Ten minutes after the shell was fallen we could buy of it a small piece for two francs.

❋

ALREADY there were an old *poilu* and two *gosses* of Poulbot, who had collected all the pieces and were making a so profitable market. One of the *gosses* had mounted himself on a little wall. "Souvenir of the great bombardment," he cried. "Buy a souvenir! Pieces of a shell of the *grosse Bertha*, which is at the instant tumbled. The true original—still warm. No counterfeit."

❋

EVERYONE wished to buy, and when the agents of the police were come already there was no shell left and the little boys who had been so successful to make a profit were running away very rich. One does not every day have the luck to be so at hand when the shells fall.

"Nénette et Rintintin"

❋

IT is now that one finds how remarkable are one's friends. It is not always those whom one expects who have gone to take the sea bathing in Brittany, or to the Auvergne. There was, for example. Monsieur de Goulet, who was of such confidence in the winter. The poor man! Madame de Goulet has written to Lucile that their doctor has said Monsieur, with his weak heart, must not risk to rest in Paris and so they are gone to Dinard.

❋

THEN there was M. Lantaigne. Always he has been so nervous. "Oh! I go to die—I go to die!" he has said very often when the Bertha has been near. "It is insupportable to be so disturbed." But when, it is three days, a shell arrived in the street and broke all the windows in the house he was so different.

❋

"ANGÈLE," he cried to his *domestique*, who was fainted in an armchair, "Angèle, *nous sommes sauvés*, I tell you we are saved!—It is never twice that it could arrive that we should be so nearly killed."

❋

THOSE of our friends who live in the *axe*, a little give themselves airs. "Oh, how lucky you are," they say, "not to have the shells near you! *We* have had one in our street, and the house of our friend, Madame Pasteur, quite near, was *tout à fait abîmé* to the third *étage*. It was a chance that everyone was gone out."

❋

THEN we say: "How you are courageous to stay! Will you not go to the country?" But they

(Continued on page 518)

"Cherry Ripe"

THE "CHÉRIES" OF THE RUE DE LA PAIX

*(M. Marcel Poncin's delightful drawing must excuse, if necessary, his temerity in rushing in to make a pun in a language other than his own.—*Ed.*)*

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

"A little flirtation in the cellar"

smile so pleased. "Oh, we are not afraid," they say; "our maids are all gone, but we shall stay."

❀

For me, I am not of such great courage, but it is like many that I discover how it is possible to be more brave than I have believed myself. No more we descend to the cellar when they give the *alerte*, but perhaps it is a little because now we two, Lucile and I, have two companions of a great courage—Nénette and Rintintin.

❀

Do you not know Nénette and Rintintin, my friends? I will present you. They are not beautiful, but oh, they are brave, these *fantoches-fétiches*. And more, they carry the good luck—because they have the so gay spirit of our Paris that the fingers of the *midinettes* give them when they knit them with the bright-coloured wool. Since I have hung them by my bed the Gothas have had no success to come into our *quartier*.

There are a many who still descend themselves the instant the so terrible sirens begin, but it is not, I think, much now for the fear. There is always for some a little flirtation, and many have made their cellar so elegant to have a party at bridge or poker.

❀

It was so Madame Lecomte and Madame Doumie arranged it. They were both desolate because their husbands would not descend, and there was always a battle. Monsieur would not, and Madame, who had terror, would not without Monsieur. Sometimes it was the husbands who won, and then the wives were very unhappy; and sometimes it was the wives who won—that was when the barrage was very near—and the husbands were very disagreeable.

❀

Then one day the two wives made the cellar so comfortable with a table and chairs and candles and a quite elegant carpet, and when the husbands were next come down they suggested to play bridge. Now it is the men who quite gladly descend when the *alerte* begins, and Madame Lecomte has made a complaint to Lucile that it was till two hours after the *berloque* was sounded that they continued one night to play.

❀

One would be well content to be so easily amused, but for us it is made more difficult. I saw so much on the expressive face of Monsieur Rintintin when the Boches were come one night that he bored himself that I made the music of the gramophone. They were so gay, my two friends, and danced a *can-can* with the music of the Scottish Guard till we could not any more hear the barrage.

❀

But the next morning I have received a so polite note from our neighbour, M. Monis, that would I please not to play the gramophone in the Gotha raids because that it prevented him to sleep.

Your friend.

Agnès

"My two friends danced a can-can"

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The illustration is of a beautiful Chippendale Bedroom Suite. Each article is made from carefully selected timber and soundly constructed.

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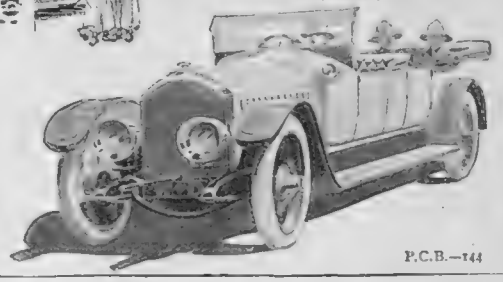

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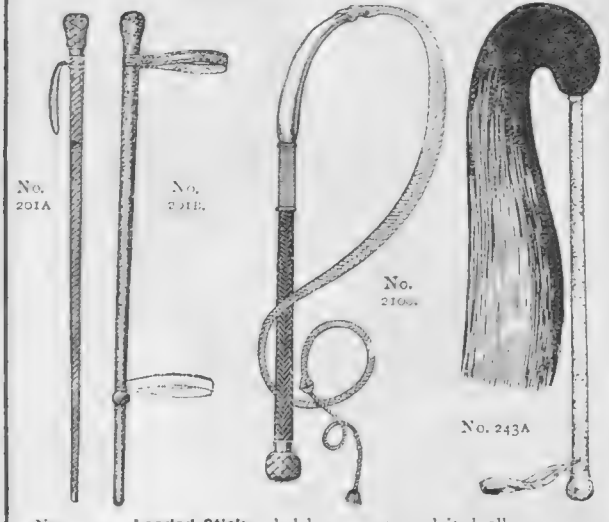

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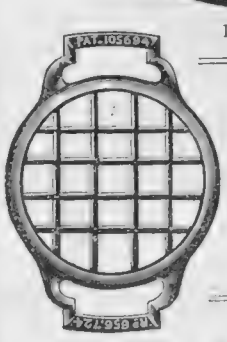

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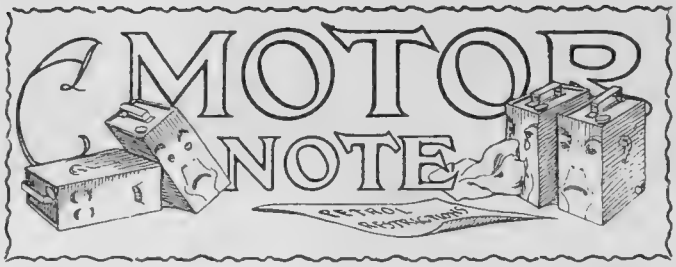
The Same Dream

PASSED BY CENSOR

Their work and warfare seem
To melt into a dream
Of brilliant summer weather
A year ago . . . . together !



THE *Motor Trader* is particularly concerned to have the credit for the suggestion of a motor agents' black list of unreasonable customers, and desires to correct the impression that the proposal "ever occupied the attention of either the M.T.A. or the Agents Section, Ltd., for five minutes." Hereby, therefore, I invest *Motor Trader* with full credit for an idea that interests the motor agent so little that neither the M.T.A. nor the A.S.L. has bothered to think about it for five minutes or one minute. That said, I have regretfully to inform *Motor Trader* that the idea is almost as old as shopkeeping, and is already a common practice among some trades as it is among moneylenders. If the motor retailer has no method of keeping track of the operations of a bad-debt maker that only shows the motor trade is rather poorly organised.

***

THE difference between an incipient fraud and an 'unreasonable customer" may be very material if you make your selections from the extreme ends of both categories. From those extremes you can come down to a point where the dividing line is too fine to be seen with the naked eye. A really horrible example of the unreasonable customer can always quite easily be dealt with in a well organised trade; but you cannot in practice handle any one who is not horrible. Just because you cannot at present get all your agents to agree as to what is unreasonable. Some agents would think a customer most unreasonable because he wanted service which he could quite readily get from another and better agent. Before the trade can talk of "unreasonable customers" it must put its own house in order and ensure a common standard of service. Until the trade has eliminated the unreasonable agent it cannot hope effectively to deal with the unreasonable customer.

***

THE blushing honours fall thick and fast—just like the shades of night that fell around the Excelsior young gent. P. L. D. Perry, of the Mechanical Warfare Department, but not altogether unknown in Shaftesbury Avenue, Great Portland Street, and Manchester, takes a step up the Order of the British Empire, and thereby becomes a knight. Messrs. Letts, of the Crossley Company, Pullinger, of the Arrol Johnston Company; McCormick, of the Wolseley Company; and Brigadier-General F. C. Jenkins, aforetime motor dealer, all achieve commanderships of the same order. The shades of the incipient knight are about them. Excelsior!

***

THE considered opinion of one of the best known writers on motoring topics is that, at the end of the war, the home manufacturers will be found "sitting on the fence," waiting to see what sort of market is going to exist for their products before deciding what sort of products they are going to make for the market. Well, I hope he is wrong; because if he is not there's a parrotty time in store for some of the procrastinators.

"C.A.V." NEW ELECTRIC STARTER for every make of car. Noiseless in action. Perfect in engagement, and BRITISH THROUGHOUT.—Fully descriptive booklet from C. A. VANDERVELL and Co., Ltd., Acton, London, W. 3.

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"Sea-Legs"

"Rilette's" painting for H. Dennis Bradley is apropos of nothing. If it seeks a purpose it is merely to show that there may be still something in the world worth living for.

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PAPER AND WEALTH.

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

FINANCIALLY, Britain *is* living on paper—and there is a paper shortage.

Financially, Germany also is living on paper—and there being an acute wool shortage, she is not only living on it but in it, for already she is reduced to paper clothes.

The only real wealth to-day is in stock.

Coldly analysing the situation, the workers of the world have for four years practically ceased to produce, and their energies have been employed only to destroy. The natural outcome is a disastrous shortage of raw materials.

Only the coward and the fool refuse to face facts. This shortage of raw material will become more and more grave. Money values will become negligible, and material will become the chief negotiable asset.

So far as my own trade is concerned I have foreseen the position which exists to-day, and to which everyone will rudely awaken to-morrow.

The entire resources of this House have been utilised to secure as large a stock of woollens as possible. The interests of its customers are regarded as its own. There has been, and will be, no unsavoury profiteering, and that is why prices will remain sane as long as it is within the power of Pope and Bradley to keep them so.

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Fashion's Fancies

BY MRS. JACK MAY

As I write summer is ushering itself in with a suggestion of tears, but let us hope her mood will have changed ere this issue appears in print. For I have a very host of delicious summer attractions to discuss, and only a limited space wherein to do so.

❀

Yellow Takes an Easy Lead in Summer Nuances

It is in no spirit of disparagement to the many lovely and exceptionally artistic patterned summer stuffs that many of us are inclined to prefer the less assertive attractions of the delicately coloured cotton georgettes. These cannot, of course, be accounted among the actually cheap; but the cost is only half that of the silk georgette. And although I have singled out pale shades for particular comment, the recollection of some wonderful black and navy blue dresses of cotton Georgette emboldens me to say a passing word in praise of these. A black georgette, mingled with white georgette, the former enhanced with white embroideries, represented a *demi-deuil* scheme that would be very hard to beat for quiet elegance.

Filet lace, it will doubtless have been observed, is playing a finely ornamental part in the general dress scheme just now, the machine-made clever reproductions fulfilling all requirements. A delicate primrose-coloured cotton georgette forms the subject of our picture. A study of the sketch will reveal how these two are handled, special attention being drawn to the picturesque sleeves, the fullness at the wrist merely drawn into a narrow, unassuming little band. Moreover, there is the *chic* imparted by a sash of lavender *charmeuse*, a note of contrast that is emphasised in the simple, shady hat of net, wreathed with deeper mauve flowers, a cretonne parasol adding a final note of distinction to a summer toilette admirably representative of what is worn.

A SUMMER FROCK
Of pale yellow cotton georgette

❀

The Bathing Season has Commenced

One wondered, as one does about so much in these days, if the purveyors of smart bathing attire would carry on as usual, and show us fresh inspirations in silk, satin, *crêpe de Chine*, and the like. Although by no means every woman's choice, it would have been a pity to have any backsliding, the ultra dressy bathing suit making a point that must be upheld for the benefit of those whose bathing adventures seldom carry them into water above the waist. Vivid coloured facings on black satin and taffeta, with all the addenda of caps, shoes, and *peignoirs* to match, are proving, as ever, sensationally seductive. Apropos of *peignoirs*, a novelty is Persian embroidery, really a machine-made *galon*, used on white towelling. This is extraordinarily effective.

The practical swimmer, however, has no thought or inclination for any dress other than the Canadian suit, which is working out a particularly successful salvation this season in the favourite jersey stuffs. A brilliant green is suggested for the example pictured, with hems everywhere of grey jersey; or *crêpe de Chine* is frequently substituted for such decorative details. Waterproof silk, again green, is used for the cap, threaded with one of the many washing ribbons now available. Or, if it is still obtainable, a waterproof ribbon is excellent for the purpose. A great sale is still found for the regulation Canadian suit,

FASHION'S FANCIES (continued)

fashioned of stockinette, without any fripperies other than a contrasting band round the décolletage and sleeves, a touch not disdained by the most orthodox swimmer.

A CANADIAN BATHING SUIT
In brilliant green with hems of grey jersey

Little Capes as Slip-On Summer Wraps

FINAL *adieux* have by no means been said to the long, enveloping cloaks of the early spring months. An obsession in Paris, these were only tentatively recognised on this side of the Channel. Meanwhile, the fancy is being kept alive by shorter cloaks or capes, these representing the ideal summer wrap for chilly moments, and one as easily carried over the arm as worn. A little shawl-shaped model is charming, the back taking a deep point while the fronts are slit, and then caught up to form loops for the arms to be passed through. About the neck a long, straight piece of material is adjusted that can be worn either in softly draped folds around the shoulders or else pulled about the throat. And it is for models after this *genre* that short lengths of fine face cloth are being sought, together with gaily-flowered *mousselines* for linings.

Another style apes the Spanish *manteau*, the one front flung over the opposite shoulder; others, again, almost resolve into little coats, viewed from the front, the back alone maintaining the free cape aspect. Then when something more practically enveloping is required in the guise of a summer wrap, a big word can be said in favour of the white blanket coat. As these are now fashioned, and with regard to the quality of the cloth used, there is no reason why they should not be bought with the idea of being dyed for autumn wear, such economical considerations being very much to the point.

No More Grey Hair

TO proclaim the marvellous successes resulting from Caradium at this date is almost tantamount to a belated announcement of the death of Queen Anne. Still, there may yet be some who will hear for the first time how Caradium is a unique preparation that restores grey and faded hair by purely

(Continued on page 528)

Eastern Sketching

From the East I am continually receiving happy little Sketches of Native Types—drawn by my Pupils in the odd moments they "crib" from Active Service duties.

In the Army I have over 1,000 Pupils. Many of them are Rankers, though most commissioned grades are represented, including two Major-Generals. These men study primarily because of the Military Utility of Drawing, but, as a side-interest, they find Pencil and Sketch Book make quite the best of Active Service Hobbies. (The Sketch reproduced below was done by an Army Pupil serving in Salonika).

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For Civilians of both Sexes, as well as Army Men. Drawing possesses Utility and Happy Interest. If you would like to know *all about its possibilities*, please send a post-card for my

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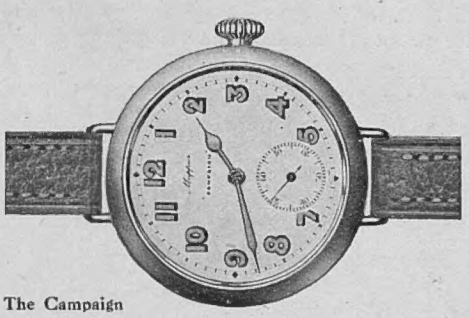

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FASHION'S FANCIES (*concluded*)

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Caradium, 7*s.* 10*d.*, Caradium Hair Grower, 5*s.* 10*d.*, Velvet Cream, and Velvet Powder can be had direct from Helen Cavendish, 174, New Bond Street.

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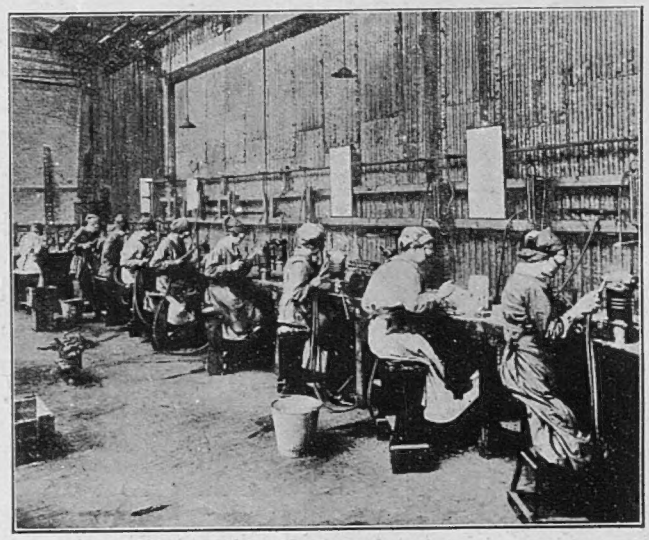
A hammock bed which, when packed, is no bigger than a golf bag, and can be adapted for almost any purpose, civil or military, and, further, only weighs 20lb. in all, is obviously a valuable possession, both for the soldier and the holiday-maker intent on "camping-out." Such is the Goddard Patent Hammock Bed, the framework of which is made of the strongest steel tubing, coated with aluminium to prevent rust. The price is 45*s.* (plus 10 per cent.), and it can be fitted (extra) with mosquito net and rainproof canvas covering. For particulars, write to 30, Coleman Street, E.C. 2.



WOMEN DOING MEN'S WORK

A group of women in the acetylene welding shop of the Napier works engaged on aeroplane parts production. Before the war no female labour was engaged on work of this kind

The "Greys" Cigarettes

There is no more popular cigarette at the front than the "Greys," for the excellent reason that there is no better cigarette made. The prices of these cigarettes for "sending to the front" are remarkably low, being 200 for 7*s.*; 500 for 16*s.*; and 1,000 for £1 10*s.* And you cannot send a soldier anything which he will appreciate more highly.

A Royal Irish Fusiliers Concert

In aid of the Prisoners and Comforts Fund of the 1st and 9th Battalions Royal Irish Fusiliers, a very successful concert was held lately at the Piccadilly Hotel, organised by the Misses Kentish, sisters of Brigadier-General Kentish, D.S.O., formerly commanding officer of the 1st Battalion and now a Brigade Commander.

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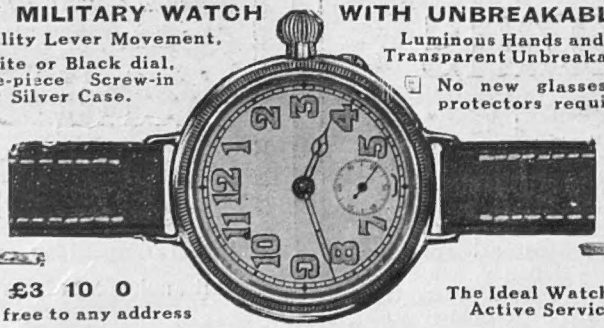

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